Dartmouth Undying

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1. Dart-mouth, there is no mu-sic for our sing-ing,

2. Who can for-get her sharp and mist-y morn-ings,

Basses

No words to bear the bur-den of our praise,
The clang-ing bells, the crunch of feet on snow,

Yet how can we be si-lent and re-mem-ber The
Her spark-ling noons, the crowd-ing in-to Com-mons, The

splen-dor and the full-ness of her days, Who can for-
long white af-ter-noons, the twil-ight glow? See! By the

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Who can forget her soft September sunsets, Who can forget her light of many thousand sunsets,

Dartmouth, Dartmouth,

get those hours that passed like dreams? The long cool shadows floating on the dying, like a vision starts. Dartmouth, the gleaming, dreamy walls of

campus, The drifting beauty where the twilight streams? Dartmouth, Miraculously built in our hearts.